

Playwrights' Manuscripts.



WE here present our readers with fac-similes of the manuscripts of several of the most popular of living playwrights, chosen from some of the best-known of their plays. Most of them tell their own story; but we may

call particular attention to the specimen by Mr. Irving, who is not generally known to be a playwright. Yet the manner in which he treats a drama like "Louis XI." (a page of which we give), by cutting, adding, and writing in soliloquies, manifestly makes him a joint-author in the play.

Clarissa Act IV

Scene — Interior of a Cottage near Hampstead Heath — Window up L, with flowers — Door R — Door in flat — Everything very plain but simple & clean. Thro' window, view of Heath, hills, &c

^{Osborne} Mrs O. ~~Osborne~~ a gray-haired woman, seated L of table. ^{Osborne} ~~Osborne~~ Enter Betty, from R, plainly dressed.

Mrs O. This is ^{the poor} ~~the~~ young lady now, miss. Betty, I trust?

Betty. Yes. She's sleeping —

Mrs O. She's had some ^{great times} ~~trouble~~, I'm afraid. When you brought her ^{cottage} ~~house~~ two days ago, I said to myself 'Poor soul, she's mortal sick'; but afterwards, miss, I saw it wasn't ^{her trouble} sickness of the body, but something worse.

Betty. You are right — far worse.

Mrs O. ~~What~~ How ^{trouble} ~~trouble~~ believe?

Betty. Perhaps —

Mrs O. Are you any kin to her, miss?

Betty. No.

Mrs O. His your good brother neither?

Betty. (shakes her head)

Mrs O. In case she's some great lady —

Betty. Why do you think that?

Mrs O. She's so sweet, so ^{lovely} ~~lovely~~ spoken, and ^{though} ~~though~~ her heart seems broken, she's always a gentle look and a kind word for every one.

Tarry
 Lanks a mung / for the beer - Taps -
 There. My fainter is
 Give me
 the meter on the stop
 superfluous on the stop
 That's T
 You ~~are~~ had much beer
 Tarry

I hope ~~to~~ ^{to} be long ~~in~~ ⁱⁿ the
 I hope the ^{work} are worth the long with
 He has got that ^{work} has made other -
 He'll be happy you ^{will} (I will say take
 business) - ~~get~~ ^{get} ~~it~~ ^{it} for -
~~get~~ ^{get} ~~it~~ ^{it} for
~~get~~ ^{get} ~~it~~ ^{it} for
 Taps - Taps

If you ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~system~~ ^{system}
 then you ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~you~~ ^{you} ~~are~~ ^{are} to us

Fac-simile of a page of MS. from Mr. GEORGE R. SIMS' play, *The Lights o' London*. Act III. Scene 1.

There's her diamond brooch - ^{bracelet} ~~earrings~~
 where ^(holds it up) Made of 22 carat ^{Australian}
 gold is - the - wedding - ring -

Jack
 And who's the lady - (sits)

Tom
 Oh! You know her - (sits)

Jack
 Come from our hearts (Faces round)

Tom
 Yes. (same bus)
 Jack

Tom
 From Devon (draws chair nearer)

Yes (same bus)

Jack
 From Woodfield own

Yes!
 Jack
 From Kettlebold Farm own

Yes. Jack (sings)

What a good I am - (looks at Lucy) of course - its
 Lucy - Henry's congratulatory old fellow - she'll make you
 a good wife (They shake hands & Jack goes to Lucy)
 Very best wishes, where for both -

Thou know'st my heart is pitiless. A King must use
 The power he holds from Heaven, or wrong his trust.
~~By punishing the guilty, I would prove~~
~~my right to thy protection:~~ in return,
 I'll build thee Churches, load thy shrines with gifts.
~~But let me gratify my just revenge,~~
 For thine especial honour, and mine too. *
~~Nemours advances, and stands Gentle~~
~~Rises, and when he sees Nemours, starts,~~
~~back, and sinks into Chair again, exclaiming.~~
 Merciful Heaven God!
 Silence! (raising Poignard.)
 Silence?
 — not a breath.
 Not one? ~~be merciful~~
 thou art well defended.
 Oh! Nemours!
~~Who is master then of thine.~~
 What would ye?
 Justice!
 Oh! be merciful.
 I am not thy Judge.

Q
 Sweetest lady, pardon all ~~my~~ ^{my} past
 sins, & pardon the one little
 need I hope to do this night; ~~the~~
 let me but have tenours within
 my clut: - that's all I ask.
~~That's no sin, dearest, but do no~~
~~that is but an act of justice~~
~~privately administered~~

* What's that please!

The pleasants going housin - their trump
making er. Oh! happy trumpets!
 Gentle sleep is theirs - they'll slumber
 on - whilst I -